

2Pac Lyrics

"Intro/Bomb First (My Second Reply)"

(feat. Outlawz)

*[*crowd noise*]*

[Press release:]

In today's music news: The ever-controversial 2Pac Shakur has just released another album under the alias "Makaveli".

Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artists' street dates in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.

Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur, but of Death Row Records as well.

Nas, the alleged ring leader, is furious at 2Pac—excuse me—Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Sleep, Notorious P.I.G., and several other New York rappers.

Jay Z, from "Hawaiian Sophie" fame, Big Little whatever and several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release.

The question everybody wants to know is:

Why'd they get this nigga started? 2Pac—rather Makaveli—was not available for comment, but released this statement:

[2Pac talking:]

It's not about East or West

It's about niggas and bitches, power and money, riders and punks – which side are you on?

*[*gunshots followed by several encroaching footsteps*]*

These niggas is still fucking talking?
You niggas still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight
Aight, it's the Raid for you cockroaches
Punk motherfuckers, this is it (Makaveli The Don)
Killuminati Style (all day) (up in your ass)
(Bomb first) (Outlaw Ridahz) Solo Shit, Bring it!

[2Pac:]

Allow me to introduce first: Makaveli the Don
Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like The Holy Qur'an
Niggas get shook like 5-0
My .45 is next to me when we ride for survival
Money-making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen pockets
Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it
Expose snakes 'cause they breed freely
See me ride! Located worldwide like the art of graffiti
I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty
Born on a dope fiend's titty
In every city you'll find me
Look for trouble right behind me
My Outlaw niggas down to die for me
Know what I mean? I hit the scene
Niggas ducking from my guillotine stare
I'm right there, my every word a fucking nightmare
Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall

This for my dogs down to die for y'all
Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em
Cut 'em down, to hell is where we send 'em
My whole team; trained to explode, ride or die
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gonna cry
Me; a born leader, never leave the block without my heater
Two big pits, I call them "my bitch-nigga eaters"
And not a whimper until I'm gone
Thug Life running through my veins, so I'm strong
Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride
Oh, how do we do these niggas, but I'm not gonna cry
I'm a Bad Boy killer, Jay-Z die too
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga, when I find you
Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe
How many niggas down to die for me? Yay-yay
West Coast rider, coming right behind ya
Should have never fucked with me
I want money, hoes, sex and weed
I won't rest until my road dog's free; bomb first

[2Pac:]

We bomb first when we ride
Please, reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to fight tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first

[E.D.I. Mean:]

For so many days, in so many ways
We've been ducking strays they delivers
But still we some Bad Boy killers
Got nothing to lose, I gots nowhere to go
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row
With Outlawz, it's Makaveli be the general
And I be a soldier on a mission
Sent to do what you'll never do
And that's ride for the cause, yes, I'll die for the cause
You best believe, if I'ma leave this bitch
Yo, I'm dying with yours
Kamikaze, sicker than a motherfucking Nazi
Got a little question for that nigga that made "Paparazzi"
If you ain't in this rap game
For the motherfucking cash, mane
Then what is your motherfucking purpose?
Non can serve us
E.D.I. Mean, born worthless
That's until the day I decided to bomb first, bitch

[2Pac:]

Biatch! Come on, bring it, down with it!
Then we ride
Come on, bring it
Bomb first then we ride

Hey, get that nigga!

[Young Noble:]

Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent leather
Causing massive terror, y'all niggas lack, you ain't thorough
Half rapper, half drug kingpin
You're telling fairy tales, dunn
"King of New York" like you the motherfucking one?
But I'm from Jers' and we don't play that shit
From the Clare down to North Bricks, all my niggas flippin' chips, gettin' rich, even though it's hard
Trying to creep through these halls and brawls
Without scarred by a revolve
With no warning signs, 'cause yo, my man took five
Now I'm the young one with the 9 ready to put in my time

[2Pac:]

Shoot first, look at their head, burst bleeding
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first

[Start of "Hail Mary"]

Let us pray, my niggas
For we have definitely sinned

Thanks to scorpius66duece for correcting these lyrics.